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the form of a cross, two mighty towers were to arise at the portal—thus much was clear enough to his mind—but he sought in vain for all proportion and symmetry. He drew his lines, but they came not in the proper places; he erased them, or gave them a new direction, but to no avail. He knew it was wrong, but could not tell where. Immoderate ambition had done its work in clouding the clear sense of the master, and now came anguish, fear, shame, and despondency, and his work could not proceed. As it often happens that a word will hang upon the tongue, despite our endeavors to give it utterance, so the enormous shape of this temple flitted before the senses of the master, without his being able to seize upon its proportions. Thus was he wearily ascending the mountain, angry with himself. He reached the stone pit, and its rugged, precipitous, and bold face of rocks was presented to his view. Here buried in thought he stood, now knocking about with his staff some few loose stones, and now taking one in his hand, he still seemed engaged with other matters than testing the qualities of the stone. A low murmur startled him, and he looked up, and stood almost petrified with fright and wonder. On the face of the quarry before him lay the whole plan of the cathedral, sketched out in large, unwavering lines, exactly in accordance with his own unstable ideas. There were the two heaven-reaching towers, the precise counterpart of its dimensions, the veritable colossal work, that he had striven so in vain to develop. He seized his own arm to assure himself if he was awake or dreamed.

"No, it is no dream," he suddenly cried, "there it is, what has been often visioned to my spirit, but my bodily sight has never before beheld."

He stepped one pace nearer—it all vanished—he clambered upon the rock—he could discover no traces,—the bare stone looked coldly at him. He closed his eyes to see if the vision had left an impress upon his mind; in vain, 'twas all blank and formless—indefinite, without shape. The more he tortured his remembrance, the more desert it proved itself. He seemed to see two towers, but they lacked a foundation,—there arose two columns on high, but he could not find the vaulting they supported. Then came the entire vision again before him, but smaller than before. An almost uncontrollable impulse to flight seized him, and he hardly bore up against it. The picture grew smaller and smaller, it finally vanished entirely. He was in great doubt. Verily his master-work had been there before him, boldly and surpassingly drawn—the object of all his strivings—it was gone—faded—irrecoverable. His brain burned with a fever—his pulse beat in convulsions—he felt as if madness was coming upon him—he laughed aloud in wild self-scorn. The reverberating echo gave it back again, and he stood affrighted, looking about him. A journeying merchant was before him, greeting him heartily. The master turned his back upon him, but the stranger spoke to him, and said:

"Would you buy some curiosities, worthy sir? I have come from Italy, and have many with me. Look, for instance, at this parchment roll." The merchant held before him a drawing. It was the same that he had seen upon the rock.

"What is that?" cried the master, startled.

"The plan of a new cathedral in Cologne," replied the other.

Struck with horror, the master answered, "The plan is not yet made."

"I know," said the merchant, laughing, "but I have sketched it after the builder's thoughts."

The master grasped the hair of his forehead, and looked about him in bewilderment. Then sank the sun blood-red in the west, and the first shadowy gloom passed over the south.

"After his thoughts," stammered the distracted one, hardly audibly. "Can you conjure?"

"A little," replied the other. "I learned it in Egypt!"

"It is my plan, and made after my thoughts," said the master. "I will buy it. Name the price!"

"Not much," said the merchant, humbly. "Just write your name here."

The master took the offered parchment, and read. It was a compact with the devil.

He started three paces back, and cried, "Get thee behind me, Satan!"

"As you will," said the grimacing merchant, and turned to leave him.

"Hold, give me the plan, it is mine, thou hast stolen my thoughts," shouted the other.

"That is true," calmly replied the fiend, "but you brought them to no issue. Know you, I have bewildered your brain with my vile trickery? My learned sir, your love of fame it is that has hurled you into this misery. *One must have pure thoughts to do a pure work.* You have not done it; therefore, can you not succeed without my help. Now, what will you?" and he unrolled the picture before the eyes of the master, and, going backwards slowly, he kept the parchment extended before him.

Grander than before the master thought it. Wildly his bosom heaved. To-morrow, and the scorn of the archbishop, the derision of the city—here is the grandest, unprecedented fulfillment of his wishes—death and life—dishonor and imperishable honor—an existence and a nothing. The temple had already gone on a step further, now the rock half concealed him—further, and he was gone from sight. Then cried the master,

"Hold! Stay! Give me the plan! I will sign the compact!"

(Conclusion in our next.)

IMAGINATION.—The effects of foreign travel have been often remarked, not only in rousing the curiosity of the traveller while abroad, but in correcting, after his return, whatever habits of inattention he had contracted to the institutions and manners among which he was bred. It is in a way somewhat analogous that our occasional excursions into the region of imagination increase our interest in those familiar realities, from which the stores of imagination are borrowed. We learn insensibly to view nature with the eye of the painter and the poet, and to seize those "happy attitudes of things" which their taste at first selected; while enriched with the accumulation of ages, and with "the spoils of time," we unconsciously combine with what we see, all that we know, and all that we feel; and sublime the organical beauties of the material world, by blending with them the inexhaustible delights of the heart and of the fancy.—*Dugald Stewart.*

ROMAN RENAISSANCE.

PRIDE OF STATE.

It was noticed in the second volume of "Modern Painters," p. 117, that the principle which had most power in retarding the modern school of portraiture, was its constant expression of individual vanity and pride. And the reader cannot fail to have observed that one of the readiest and commonest ways in which the painter ministers to this vanity, is by introducing the pedestal or shaft of a column, or some fragment, however simple, of Renaissance architecture, in the background of the portrait. And this is not merely because such architecture is bolder or grander than, in general, that of the apartments of a private house. No other architecture would produce the same effect in the same degree. The richest Gothic, the most massive Roman, would not produce the same sense of exaltation as the simple and meagre lines of the Renaissance.

And if we think over this matter a little, we shall soon feel that in those meagre lines there is indeed an expression of aristocracy in its worst characters; coldness, perfectness of training, incapability of emotion, want of sympathy with the weakness of lower men, blank, hopeless, haughty self-sufficiency. All these characters are written in the Renaissance architecture as plainly as if they were graven on it in words. For, observe, all other architectures have something in them that common men can enjoy; some concession to the simplicities of humanity, some daily bread for the hunger of the multitude. Quiet fancy, rich ornament, bright color, something that shows a sympathy with men of ordinary minds and hearts; and this wrought out at least in the Gothic, with a rudeness showing that the workman did not mind exposing his own ignorance if he could please others. But the Renaissance is exactly the contrary to all this. It is rigid, cold, inhuman; incapable of glowing, of stooping, of conceding for an instant. Whatever excellence it has, is refined, high-trained, and deeply erudite; a kind which the architect well knows no common mind can taste. He proclaims it to us aloud; "You cannot feel my color unless you study Vitruvius. I will give you no gay color, no pleasant sculpture, nothing to make you happy; for I am a learned man. All the pleasure you can have in anything I do, is in its proud breeding, its rigid formalism, its perfect finish, its cold tranquillity. I do not work for the vulgar, only for the men of the academy and the court."

And the instinct of the world felt this in a moment. In the new precision and accurate law of the classical forms, they perceived something peculiarly adapted to the setting forth of state in an appalling manner. Princes delighted in it, and courtiers. The Gothic was good for God's worship, but this was good for man's worship. The Gothic had fellowship with all hearts, and was universal, like nature; it could frame a temple for the prayer of nations, or shrink into the poor man's winding stair. But here was an architecture that would not shrink, that had in it no submission, no mercy. The proud princes and lords rejoiced in it. It was full of insult to the poor, in its every line.

It would not be built of the materials at the poor man's hand; it would not roof itself with thatch or shingle, and black oak beams; it would not wall itself with rough stone or brick; it would not pierce itself with small windows where they were needed; it would not niche itself, wherever there was room for it, in the street corners. It would be of hewn stone; it would have its windows and its doors, and its stairs and its pillars, in lordly order, and of stately size; it would have its wings and its corridors, and its halls and its gardens, as if all the earth were its own. And the rugged cottages of the mountaineers, and the fantastic streets of the laboring burgher, were to be thrust out of its way, as of a lower species.

It is to be noted, also, that it ministered as much to luxury as to pride. Not to luxury of the eye, that is a holy luxury; nature ministers to that in her painted meadows, and sculptured forests, and gilded heavens; the Gothic builder ministered to that in his twisted traceries, and deep wrought foliage, and burning casements. The dead Renaissance drew back into its earthliness out of all that was warm and heavenly; back into its pride out of all that was simple and kind; back into its stateliness out of all that was impulsive, reverent and gay. But it understood the luxury of the body; the terraced, and scented, and grottoed garden, with its trickling fountains and slumberous shades; the spacious hall and lengthened corridor for the summer heat; the well closed windows, and perfect fittings and furniture, for defence against the cold; and the soft picture, and frescoed wall and roof, covered with the last asciousness of Paganism; this it understood and possessed to the full, and still possesses. This is the kind of domestic architecture on which we pride ourselves, even to this day, as an infinite and honorable advance from the rough habits of our ancestors; from the time when the king's floor was strewn with rushes, and the tapestries swayed before the searching wind in the baron's hall.

At the debate of King Edwin with his courtiers and priests, whether he ought to receive the gospel preached to him by Paulinus, one of his nobles spoke as follows:

"The present life, O King! weighed with the time that is unknown, seems to me like this. When you are sitting at a feast with your earls and thanes in winter time, and the fire is lighted, and the hall is warmed, and it rains and snows, and the storm is loud without, there comes a sparrow, and flies through the house. It comes in at one door, and goes out at the other. While it is within, it is not touched by the winter storm; but it is but for the twinkling of an eye, for from winter it comes and to winter it returns. So, also, this life of man endureth for a little space; what goes before or what follows after, we know not. Wherefore if this new lore bring anything more certain, it is fit that we should follow it."

That could not have happened in a Renaissance building. The bird could not have dashed in from the cold into the heat, and from the heat back again into the storm. It would have had to come up a flight of marble stairs, and through

seven or eight antechambers, out again through loggias, and corridors innumerable. And the truth which the bird brought with it, fresh from heaven, has in like manner to make its way to the Renaissance mind through many antechambers, hardly, and as a despised thing, if at all.

In St. Mark's library there is a very curious Latin manuscript of the twenty-five books of Averlunius, a Florentine architect, upon the principles of his art. The book was written in or about 1460, and translated into Latin, and richly illuminated for Corvinus, King of Hungary, about 1483. I extract from the third book, the following passage on the nature of stones. "As there are three genera of men—that is to say, nobles, men of the middle classes, and rustics—so it appears that there are of stones. For the marbles and common stones of which we have spoken above, set forth the rustics. The porphyries and alabasters, and the other harder stones of mingled quality, represent the middle classes, if we are to deal in comparisons; and by means of these, the ancients adorned their temples with incrustations and ornaments, in a magnificent manner. And after these come the chalcedonies and sardonyxes, &c., which are so transparent that there can be no spot seen in them. Thus men endowed with nobility lead a life in which no spot can be found."

Canute or Cœur de Lion (I name not Godfrey or St. Louis) would have dashed their sceptres against the lips of any man who would have dared to utter to them any such flattery as this. But in the fifteenth century, it was rendered and accepted as a matter of course, and the tempers which delighted in it, necessarily took pleasure also in every vulgar or false means of marking worldly superiority. And among such false means, largeness of scale in the dwelling-house was, of course, one of the easiest and most direct. All persons, however senseless or dull, could appreciate size; it required some exertion of intelligence to enter into the spirit of the quaint carving of the Gothic times, but none to perceive that one heap of stones was higher than another. And, therefore, while in the execution and manner of work, the Renaissance builders zealously vindicated for themselves the attribute of cold and superior learning, they appealed for such approbation as they needed from the multitude, to the lowest possible standard of taste; and while the older workman lavished his labor on the minute niche and narrow casement, on the doorways no higher than the head, and the contracted angles of the turreted chamber, the Renaissance builder spared such cost and labor in his detail, that he might spend it in bringing larger stones from a distance; and restricted himself to rustication and five orders that he might load the ground with colossal piers, and raise an ambitious barrenness of architecture, as inanimate as it was gigantic, above the feasts and follies of the powerful or rich. The Titanic insanity extended itself, also, into ecclesiastical design; the principal church in Italy was built with little idea of any other admirableness, than that which was to result from its being huge; and the religious impressions of those who

enter it, are, to this day supposed to be dependent, in a great degree, on their discovering that they cannot span the thumbs of the statues which sustain the vessels for holy water.

It is easy to understand how an architecture which thus appealed not less to the lowest instincts of dullness, than to the subtlest pride of learning, rapidly found acceptance with a large body of mankind; and how the spacious pomp of the new manner of design, came to be eagerly adopted by the luxurious aristocrats, not only of Venice, but of the other countries of Christendom, now gradually gathering themselves into that insolent and festering isolation, against which, the cry of the poor sounded hourly in more ominous unison, bursting at last into thunder (mark where—first among the planted walks and plashing fountains wherein the Renaissance luxury attained its utmost height in Europe, Versailles); that cry, mingling so much piteousness with its wrath and indignation, "Our soul is filled with the scornful reproof of the wealthy and with the despitelousness of the proud."

But of all the evidence bearing upon this subject, presented by the various art of the fifteenth century, none is so interesting or so conclusive as that deduced from its tombs. For, exactly in proportion as the pride of life became more insolent, the fear of death became more servile; and the difference in the manner in which the men of earlier and of later days adorned the sepulchre, confesses a still greater difference in their manner of regarding death. To those he came as the comforter and friend, rest in his right hand, hope in his left; to these as the humiliator, the spoiler, and the avenger. And, therefore, we find the early tombs simple and lovely in their adornment, serene and solemn in their expression; confessing the power, and accepting the peace, of death openly and joyfully; and in all their symbols, marking that the hope of resurrection lay only in Christ's righteousness; signed always with this simple utterance of the dead, "I will lay me down in peace, and take my rest; for it is thou, Lord, only that makest me dwell in safety." But the tombs of the latter ages are a ghastly struggle of mean pride and miserable terror: they are mustering the statues of the Virtues about the tomb, disguising the sarcophagus with delicate sculpture, polishing the false periods of the elaborate epitaph, and filling, with strained animation, the features of the portrait statue; and the other summoning underneath, out of the niche, or from behind the curtain, the frowning skull, or scythed skeleton, or some other more terrible image of the enemy in whose defiance the whiteness of the sepulchre had been set to shine above the whiteness of the ashes.

This change in the feeling with which sepulchral monuments were designed, from the eleventh to the eighteenth centuries, has been common to the whole of Europe. But as Venice is, in other respects, the centre of the Renaissance system, so also she exhibits this change in the manner of the sepulchral monument, under circumstances peculiarly calculated to teach us its true character. For the severe guard, which, in earlier times, she put upon every tendency to personal pomp and ambition,

renders the tombs of her ancient monarchs as remarkable for modesty and simplicity as for their religious feeling; so that, in this respect, they are separated, by a considerable interval, from the more costly monuments erected at the same periods to the kings or nobles of other European States. In later times, on the other hand, as the piety of the Venetians diminished, their pride overleaped all limits, and the tombs which, in recent epochs, were erected for men who had lived only to impoverish or disgrace the State, were as much more magnificent than those contemporaneously erected for the nobles of Europe, as the monuments of the great Doges had been humbler. When, in addition to this, we reflect that the art of sculpture, considered as expressive of emotion, was at a low ebb in Venice in the twelfth century, and that in the seventeenth she took the lead in Italy in luxurious work, we shall see at once, that the chain of examples through which the change of feeling is expressed, must present more remarkable extremes here than it can in any other city; extremes so startling that their impressiveness cannot be diminished, while their intelligibility is greatly increased by the large number of intermediate types, which have fortunately been preserved.

But the most significant change in the treatment of these tombs, with respect to our immediate object, is in the form of the sarcophagus. It was above noted, that, exactly in proportion to the degree of the pride of life expressed in any monument, would be also the fear of death; and, therefore, as these tombs increase in splendor, in size, and beauty of workmanship, we perceive a gradual desire to take away from the definite character of the sarcophagus. In the earliest times, as we have seen, it was a gloomy mass of stone; gradually it became charged with religious sculpture; but never with the slightest desire to disguise its form, until towards the middle of the fifteenth century. It then became enriched with flower-work, and hidden by the Virtues, and, finally, losing its four-square form, it is modelled in graceful types of ancient vases, made as little like a coffin as possible, and refined away in various elegances, till it becomes, at last, a mere pedestal or stage for the portrait statue. This statue, in the meantime, has been gradually coming back to life, through a curious series of transitions. The Vendramin monument is one of the last which shows or pretends to show, the recumbent figure laid in death. A few years later, this idea became disagreeable to polite minds; and, lo! the figures, which before had been laid at rest upon the tomb pillow, raised themselves on their elbows, and began to look around them. The end of the sixteenth century dared not contemplate its body in death.

PURSUÉ your studies without intermission; be not persuaded to deviate from the line nature and inclination have marked out for you; associate with older men than yourself; do not suffer poor-minded and interested persons to render you discontented; remember yours is a liberal profession; never suffer it to degenerate into a trade; the more you elevate your mind, the more you will be likely to succeed.—*Sir Geo. Beaumont.*

CORREGGIO:

A Tragedy by

ADAM OEHLENSCHLÄGER.

Translated by Theodore Martin.

(Continued.)

ACT THE FOURTH.

A large Picture Gallery in Parma.

OTTAVIO.

The revelation, friend,
Of the divine on this dim spot of earth
Is that which we call Love. Now, commonly
It is developed in that noble form,
Which we style art and genius; or not less,
Though more contracted and condensed, when
vow'd
To one especial object, and that one
The loveliest in the world, a charming woman.

ANTONIO.

And oh, what artist ever liv'd on earth,
Who did not strive to couple both these loves
In bonds inseparable?

OTTAVIO.

But still the Muse
Holds sovereign sway in every artist's heart.

ANTONIO.

Most true, for the beloved one is his Muse!

OTTAVIO.

And this same Muse doth change with every moon.
The muses number, at the lowest count,
Nine lovely, fascinating maids, you know.

ANTONIO.

Yet every Muse bestows her special art,
And every artist loves his special Muse.

OTTAVIO.

The mighty Raphael, to whom you stoop'd
Your head but now, had several, methinks.

ANTONIO.

Poor Raphael! Because he had not one.

OTTAVIO.

How, Raphael no Muse?

ANTONIO.

Oh yes, in heaven,
In his desire, his aspiration, what
By him was his Divine Idea called.
Now he has found her surely, and his soul
No more, like his inspired Cecilia, need
Bend her pure eyes upon the distant blue
In search of a contentment, full divine.
Now he enjoys and clasps her to his breast.
He sought her here in vain, poor Raphael!
And therefore hung his starved and thirsty soul
Into the sea of sense, and drank oblivion.

OTTAVIO.

Are you more happy, then?

ANTONIO.

Heaven knows, I am!
Unhappy Raphael! what avail'd it thee,
Thou wert so fair and blooming? What avail'd
Thy potent friends, the Pope, and Rome's acclaim?

What gain to thee the charming Fornarina?
Or what the Cardinal's uncomely niece?
Thou didst not find earth's first and dearest
boon,

A gentle, virtuous, true-hearted wife!
No fond Maria rested on thy heart,
And having that, how richer far am I
In my poor hut, than thou with all thy fame?

OTTAVIO.

Then you are satisfied, Maria loves you
With all her heart?

ANTONIO.

Of that I am as sure,

As that I live.

OTTAVIO.

'Tis well! When I say well,
I only mean for you, not well for me.
So fare you well, I will not mar your peace.

(Antonio starts.)

I thought you loved your Muse, and her alone;
And that your wife in woman's fashion loved
Herself, and next herself, whatever pleased
Her senses and her whims. 'Twas therefore I
Invited you to live with me in Parma;
My object was to gratify all three.
But now I see my plan will never work.
You and your wife are both romantic. Well,
Dream, or reality, it matters not,
Whatever makes us happy must be real.
So God commend you to his grace, Antonio!
Stay here you cannot. You would find it hard,
Now, after what has passed. But do not fear!
I will not steal beneath the cloud of night.
A fox into your dovecoat. Though I'm fond
Of doves, I need not get at them by stealth;
It suits me better far to purchase them
In the broad noonday on the market-place.
Then fare you well! Salute your lovely wife!
By heaven! I purposed fairly by all.
If any one have cause for discontent
In this affair, why, then, that one am I.
Adieu, sir! You shall paint me many more
Such pictures as the present. Meanwhile rest,
And look around you to your heart's content.
Battista shall the eighty scudi bring.

[Exit.]

ANTONIO (alone).

This was his purpose? To his boasted love
For art? This the respect he felt for artists?
The patronage? Esteem? Fool that I am!
Mock'd here again by a mere phantom light!
I am avenged; he went away ashamed.
Ashamed? Avenged? I? Am not I the
culprit,

A gentle sheep, submissive unto wrong?
No, he shall fight with me; I'll not endure
The infamy; what though he be a lord,
A piece of noble clay, so stamp'd by chance,
I bear a noble soul, mark'd out by God,
And in the book of ages I shall live.
When he lies mouldering in forgotten dust,
I'll be avenged! The sword shall do me right.
A murderer? Rather bear my wrong in peace!
And should I fall—Maria, my Giovanni,
And thou, loved Art! Pah! this excitement
is

A thing to smile at. Men of war may fight!
With them a froward temper, and contempt
For death and danger, is their simple duty.
They have nought else to do,—it is their glory!
The artist works by spirit, and his rank
Is therefore with the ministers of peace.
God did not place a sword within his hand.
The enchanter's wand, which conjures spirits,
can

Create life, but is impotent to kill.
I will endure my wrong, as the great type
Of all good men below endured his shame.
For he that on this wilderness of earth
Seeks to achieve the lofty and the noble,
Must ever stoop to bear the martyr's cross;
'Tis only after death his life begins.

Look round me now? Contemplate now the
pictures?
How can I? Oh the things that I have known,
In this brief day; hope, insolence, despair,
Supreme delight,—this journey, heat, fatigue!
I'm very weary, and mine eyelids droop.
Here let me rest awhile, to gather strength
For the long tiresome journey home again.
(sits down on a chair and falls asleep.)

Enter RICORDANO with his daughter CLESTINA, the latter carrying a wreath of laurel in her hand.

RICORDANO.

So here we are, my child.